

# De La Soul Lyrics

## "CBGBS"

*[Posdnuos:]*

Beach boy bonanza, sunrise, get up  
Surfin' on a curb from inception of a set-up  
Planet in black granite, halos above it  
The autopsy can't top me, beloved  
Dissect survival, passed on a whisper  
Placed on the mother who shunned, now it's the  
Boys who shot joy inside the violent  
(Hell from New York) with a mars inside it

*[Dave:]*

This is for the bottom of the deck (yo, who got squad?)  
They call us the the little goat cheese (let's get the engine, baby)  
I rev it like Run, the squint in the sun  
I bet you bottom dollar I get louder than a bomb  
A pH balance, son, I walk the phenom  
Like typo, might go, dope in the stash

*[Posdnuous:]*

Crooked counterfeits (we keep it straight cash)  
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)  
Crooked counterfeits (keep it straight cash)  
Crooked counterfeits (straight cash)  
(Cash, cash)

You're a peanut with a cashew